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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

BRUTE OR UNDER-DOG?

It's all right and a fine thing to help the under-dog, but before you rush in, be sure it is the under-dog you are helping, and not the brute on top. The motive for much of the Anti-Trust legislation at Washington has been a desire to help the under-dogs of business, to help them shake off Monopoly's grip. That, we assume, is the main motive of the latest "Corporation Tax," but of this bill one of the sections stipulates that a full statement of every corporation's business shall be filed yearly with the Government, which statement shall become a matter of public record, open to everybody. This is where the Administration, aiming to aid the under-dog, it seems to us is really of valuable assistance to the brute on top; for not all corporations are large corporations, powerful and despotic. Some of the "under-dogs" of business are corporate in form and come under the publicity clause of the law as squarely as the biggest Trust. Therefore, if what they file with the Government respecting their business affairs is to become public property, on tap at all times, "Monopoly" will get with ease information concerning scattered independents which to date it has obtained by corrupt means only. It will no longer be necessary, for example, for the largest Trust of all to bribe a clerk in a weak rival's employ; bribe him to send it secretly, month by month, details of his employer's business. Under the new bill the money now spent in bribing clerks may be saved. Complying with the law, the Trust's weak rival will send a sworn statement to the Government, and the Government in turn will hand the statement to the Trust upon request. Truly an ideal arrangement. We hope we are wrong in our assumptions, but we very

much fear we are not. Every dog has his day, but the under-dog's day is not yet—if he be incorporated.

NEW JERSEY has indicted the Beef Packers, charging them with conspiracy; but before New Jersey can try them it must catch them. The packers, if served, will refuse service, thus forcing New Jersey into extradition proceedings. The district-attorney must apply to New Jersey's Governor and convince the latter that there is good and sufficient excuse for his making the extradition request to the Governor of Illinois. If the request is made, New Jersey must show Governor Deneen of Illinois that the offense is extraditable, and again the case is practically tried. Should matters get

as far as this, and Governor Deneen consent to extradition, the packers may then demand a writ of habeas corpus to learn what prompts the prosecution. To all these proceedings, delays, adjournments, and long argument are incidental. When the packers finally arrive, handcuffed, at a New Jersey court-house, we are going over to see them, although by that time we shall doubtless wear long white side-whiskers and totter along to the accompaniment of a cane.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the MORGAN-GUGGENHEIM syndicate, testifying before a Senate Committee, said that the value of the coal in the Cunningham claims in Alaska was \$25,000,000. A neat stake when you consider that all the claims were to cost the syndicate was \$250,000. In plain words, the syndicate gets practically everything, while the Government gets practically nothing. How different it would be if the syndicate had to pay taxes to the Government on a valuation of \$25,000,000—its own valuation of the claims.



BANQUO'S GHOST.

MACBETH TAFT.—Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!!

THE RECLAMATION OF AN ORDINARY CITIZEN



MR. ORDINARY MANN (at close of address on "The Duties of Citizenship").—What he said was true. I, for one, have been very remiss; I confess that I've taken no interest, practically, in the serious problems that confront the nation. Hereafter I'll endeavor to keep myself posted on vital issues, and determine my own relationship to them, etc., etc.

MAGNANIMOUS.

HALFWAY to the altar the groom who, preceded by the groom-persons walking two and two, had entered, carrying a spray



IN 2009.

TRANSIENT.—Who's that prosperous-looking fellow over there?
NATIVE.—That's Squire Shuvvel, the millionaire ditch-digger. Everybody laughed at him years ago when he refused to become a doctor or a lawyer, and even turned down the correspondence-schools' offers to make him a window-dresser or an electrical engineer. Time proved his wisdom, and to-day, as the only unskilled laborer in this section, he can command almost fabulous prices.



THE NEXT MORNING.

"VITAL ISSUES" ON WHICH MR. MANN POSTED HIMSELF EN ROUTE TO WORK.

of groom-roses, on the arm of his mother, stopped and made a speech to the assembled guests.

"My friends," quoth he, "it isn't fair that you stare at me altogether. This is an age of equality as between the sexes, and so I wish you would try and be interested some in the bride waiting at the chancel yonder with her best-woman. And will the reporters please give about as much space to her clothes as to mine?"

It was very prettily done, and on all sides a buzz of admiration went up.

SELFISHNESS.

SELFISHNESS is not bad for the complexion. Why this should be so no man knows, but there is a shrewd suspicion that Providence was desirous, for purposes of its own, of not having the selfishness in the world all confined to one sex, and took measures accordingly. And indeed, when you come to think of it, Society would be mighty queer with none but unselfish women moving in it. Who, in that case, would there be to manage the charity balls, not to speak of activities less avowedly philanthropic?



WINDOW DEMONSTRATION.

EFFICACIOUS.

FRIEND.—What? You don't mean to say that you saved the liver of those freezing men by mental treatment?
EXPLORER.—Yes, indeed. We persuaded them that they were watching one of the early season's ball games.

ILL fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where postcards accumulate and letters decay.

Words are practically synonymous where their meanings are so nearly the same that we feel free to use one if we can't spell the other.

BACK FROM THE SUBSEQUENT

(FROM THE *Semi-Hourly Orb*, 2010.)

AT THIS moment is occurring in Pddwll-phyllwyddwybblpddwltybbl, Wales, the funeral of one of the sole survivors of the Charge of the Light Brigade. The honorary pall-bearers are six other sole survivors of the same awful cataclysm.

Dennis IV., King of Hibernia, has just addressed a *brochure* to King Albert Edward Cecil Lester Clarence 'Erbert Rollo Fitz-Percy, of England, calling His Majesty's attention to the growing tendency on the part of certain officers of crack regiments to boast that ten Englishmen can whip one Irishman, and pointing out that a continuation of the practice may compel the sending over of an Irishman to make 'em do it, bedad.

Thomas A. Edison III. announces that he has perfected an effective method of electro-plating, at a cost of ten cents per person, the bodies of worthy indigents who are compelled by the Tariff exactions to go without clothes. The process is declared by the famous inventor to be entirely painless and to render the patient impervious to the inclemency of the weather, while the *tout ensemble* is neat but not gaudy.

John Smith, a window-washer, fell from the one hundred and sixty-fourth story of a building in Kansas City a few moments ago, but alighted on top of a fast aero express, where he managed to cling until the flyer was brought to a stop by the conductor, after which Smith was safely lowered to the ground. The incident was 'grammed to headquarters, and President Robafeller, of the Air Navigation Trust, instantly ordered that the conductor be fired for breach of rules and Smith arrested for trespass.

The Chairman of the Ministerial Alliance, which has been for the past hundred years ferociously fighting the immorality of the stage, has just issued a triumphant statement that three blind men and one gentleman afflicted with *locomotor ataxia* have been induced to pledge themselves not to attend Sunday performances. He declares that it is beside the question for scoffers to point out that the stage has not been immoral for many years; it *would* be if it dared to be, asserts the reverend gentleman.



SUNDAY MORNING.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC UTILITIES.

Professor Kipling Rickaree contributes to this month's *Century Magazine*, out twenty minutes ago, a notable article on the old Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, setting at naught all previous theories on the subject, which, of course, were that either Ballinger or Pinchot discovered the North Pole and the other did n't. This writer declares that the public has been for nearly a century hugging to its bosom a grotesque delusion, inasmuch as Ballinger and Pinchot were really two educated apes brought from Africa by ex-President Roosevelt a hundred years ago. Ballinger, the fatter, Professor Rickaree asserts, was noted for his propensity for knocking on wood, and Pinchot for knocking on Ballinger.

Kipling Rickaree is the great-grandson of Tanyard Kipling, a famous essayist and satirist of old, and is also author of an amusing monograph on the errors of our early poets, among which was the absurdity perpetrated by the ancient rhymester, Longfellow, who attempted to remind us that great men invariably left footprints on the sands of time, when, declares Professor Rickaree, William Jennings Tahft, who was President for one term a century ago, although weighing more than three hundred pounds and continually engaged in side-stepping, strange to say, left never a track.

Tom P. Morgan.



PROTECTORS FOR THE CHESTY.

THE POUTER PIGEONS AND THE S. I. C. A. C.

A political party is a device by means of which the greatness of a few great men is made to piece out the littleness of many little men.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE

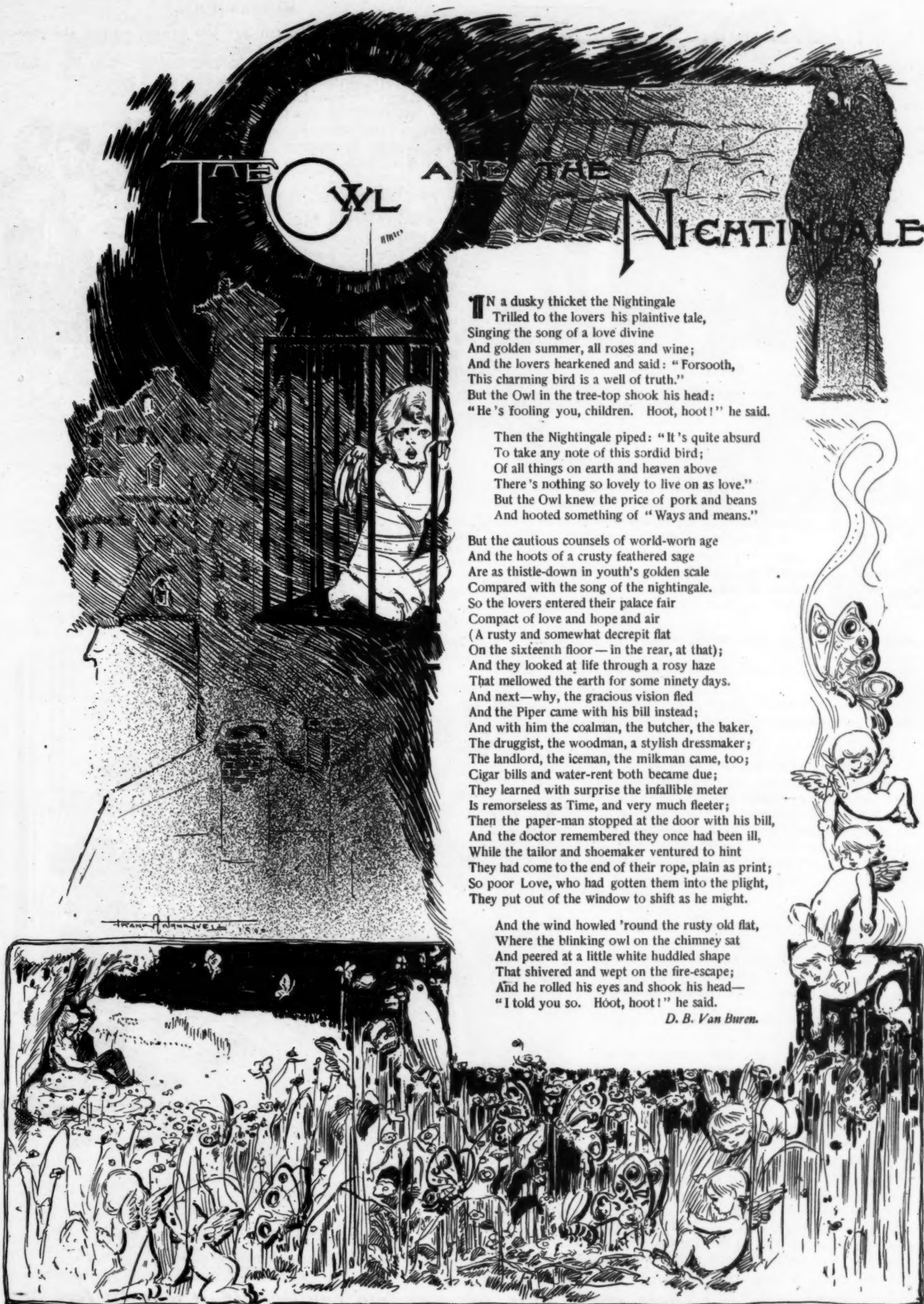
IN a dusky thicket the Nightingale
Trilled to the lovers his plaintive tale,
Singing the song of a love divine
And golden summer, all roses and wine;
And the lovers hearkened and said: "Forsooth,
This charming bird is a well of truth."
But the Owl in the tree-top shook his head:
"He's fooling you, children. Hoot, hoot!" he said.

Then the Nightingale piped: "It's quite absurd
To take any note of this sordid bird;
Of all things on earth and heaven above
There's nothing so lovely to live on as love."
But the Owl knew the price of pork and beans
And hooted something of "Ways and means."

But the cautious counsels of world-worn age
And the hoots of a crusty feathered sage
Are as thistle-down in youth's golden scale
Compared with the song of the nightingale.
So the lovers entered their palace fair
Compact of love and hope and air
(A rusty and somewhat decrepit flat
On the sixteenth floor — in the rear, at that);
And they looked at life through a rosy haze
That mellowed the earth for some ninety days.
And next—why, the gracious vision fled
And the Piper came with his bill instead;
And with him the coalman, the butcher, the baker,
The druggist, the woodman, a stylish dressmaker;
The landlord, the iceman, the milkman came, too;
Cigar bills and water-rent both became due;
They learned with surprise the infallible meter
Is remorseless as Time, and very much fleetier;
Then the paper-man stopped at the door with his bill,
And the doctor remembered they once had been ill,
While the tailor and shoemaker ventured to hint
They had come to the end of their rope, plain as print;
So poor Love, who had gotten them into the plight,
They put out of the window to shift as he might.

And the wind howled 'round the rusty old flat,
Where the blinking owl on the chimney sat
And peered at a little white huddled shape
That shivered and wept on the fire-escape;
And he rolled his eyes and shook his head—
"I told you so. Hoot, hoot!" he said.

D. B. Van Buren.



PUCK



SO HANDY.

ROMAN HUSBAND.—See here, Calpurnia, how often must I tell you not to polish the stove with my best helmet?



WHICH?



JOHN HENRY JASPER JOHNSON is a leader of reforms, Always somewhere in the center of our economic storms, And he fights for the afflicted and he weeps for the oppressed Till his swelling bosom often breaks the buttons off his vest. He has spoken for the wretched clean from Beersheba to Dan, And he'll gladly rail all morning at the tyranny of man, And I'm sure a three-inch spyglass searching ever and anon Could n't find a man in favor of more big reforms than John.

*Ab! but when he seeks his slippers and his leather-covered couch,
He's the meanest-tempered uplift-man that ever nursed a grouch.
How he bollers at the children! How he growls at Mrs. J.!
Till they feel like singing ragtime when he leaves them for the day.*

Now James W. McSmithers is another type—oh, yes, And he cops our local dollars with remarkable success; And he nabs our city franchises as often as they're loose, And he owns eleven aldermanic votes for private use. And when very gentle editors start classifying James, "A parasitic tyrant" is the mildest of their names; And always when he's mentioned he is qualified—as thus—"Boss McSmithers—civic vampire—our disgraceful incubus!"

*But, good gracious! you should see him in the bosom of his folks,
Playing hide-and-seek with baby, telling Bobby funny jokes.
Such a chap for romps and frolics in the daily family life!
Such a man for little picnics with the kiddies and the wife!*

And so I'm not decided whether I should choose to be Just an enemy of mankind with a loving familee; Or a friend of all creation from Johannesburg to Nome, With the children under sofas when papa comes grumping home.
Horatio Winslow.

WHITE SLAVES.

MRS. MILLYUN.—Is n't it awful, dear! I see by the papers that in some cities girls are quoted just like mere cattle.

MRS. MUNNEY.—Is n't it!

MRS. MILLYUN.—But, to talk of more agreeable subjects, did I tell you that the Duke insists on a million more before he will marry our Gertrude?

MAGNANIMOUS.

THE wife of the coal-baron had just finished reading the gruesome details of the latest mine disaster.

"It seems to me, John," she said angrily, "that the mines could be safeguarded far better than they are at present."

"Don't be too hard-hearted, dear," yawned the coal baron; "why, the coal stolen by our employees hardly amounts to anything."

PHILOSOPHERS.

ARCHIMEDES and Diogenes, chancing to put up at the same hotel, and taking their departure hurriedly in the morning, each grabbed the other's luggage.

Pretty soon Diogenes met the honest man he was hunting for, but inasmuch as he had nothing with him but Archimedes's lever, the fellow got away. A little later Archimedes discovered the fulcrum whereby to lift the world, but when he looked in his grip he could find nothing but Diogenes's lantern, and so nothing happened.

Of course there is never any possibility of two philosophers working together.



CHORUS GIRLS.

FROM HABIT.

LIFE-INSURANCE AGENT.—The Company has rejected your application on the ground that you lied in your answers. Why did you say that your circulation is good?

MR. KOLOOM.—Honest, I could n't help it. That's my business. You see, I'm advertising manager on the *Daily Boomer*.



CARRYING THE CASE UP.

AN ARGUMENT BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

The optimist could put a little sunshine into our lives if it was n't for his habit of using moonshine.

PUCK

TOMMY'S KITE.

TURRAH for this fine windy day
Which, as the moments pass,
As if by fairy magic wakes
The windflower in the grass.

And as the wild wind in the grass
The windflower wakes, I fly
My purple kite, which looks just like
A windflower in the sky.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A GIRL:

HER LETTERS AND HER LOVE LETTERS.

A GIRL has some letters and some
love letters to write. Which
must she write first?
She thinks she should
have a free mind to devote
to the love letters; therefore,
she should write the letters first.
Still, she thinks the love let-
ters should be written first, because
they are the more important; they no
doubt burden her mind more, and if
unwritten will hinder the composition of the
ordinary letters.

Again, she knows if she essays the let-
ters first she may never get to the love
letters at all; she is liable to write all day
on other matters.

On the other hand, if the love letters are written first, the
other letters may never be written at all, and they are such impor-
tant ones! They just *must* go—the one requiring two yards of
Swiss muslin as per inclosed sample, the one sending for a copy of
the latest Best-Seller by return mail, and the one inquiring who the
strange young man was who was with Emily at the Horse Show
last Friday.

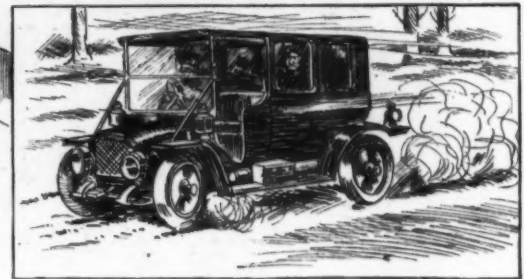
It is very plain that both should be written first; also, that
neither should be written last. What *can* she do?

Hamilton Pope Galt.



FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

The doctors said, with a wisdom rare,
That the wealthy patient should "take the air."



APPEAL.

THE intrepid gen-
eral (in the new
order) was rallying her wavering troops.

"Women!" she cried, "will you give way to mannish fears?"

A murmur of indecision ran through the ranks, whereupon the
leader shot the last arrow in her quiver:

"Will you," she fiercely demanded, "show the white feather
in a season when feathers are not being worn?"

The effect was electrical. "Never!" roared the soldiery, and
forming quickly in battle array they once more hurled them-
selves on the enemy.

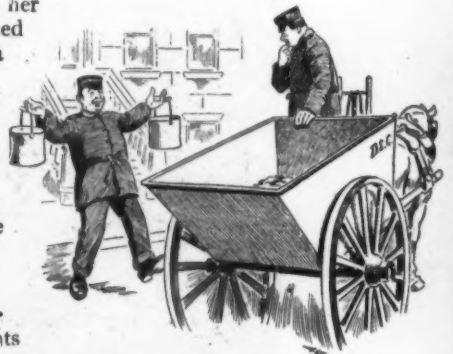
Seeking his health with an ardor keen
He "takes the air"—in a Limousine.

ENSLAVED.

VISITOR.—Great Scott! Is that cook of yours crazy?
I never saw a woman act so strangely.

THE HOST.—No indeed. We're entirely to blame for
her actions ourselves. You see, we
thought we could keep her

by getting her interested
in kodakery as a
hobby, and now
whenever she
washes the dish-
es she insists
on having a red
light and rocking
them in a little
tray.



DISTINCTION.

SUNDRY Incidents
of History were
strolling up and down.
"Why is it," the
French Revolution
complained, bitterly,
"that people look
askance at me,
whereas that comparatively unimportant Ameri-
can Revolution is continually being glorified to
the skies?"

The Thirty Years' War gave it up, as did likewise
the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. But the Gunpowder
Plot and the Spanish Inquisition exchanged winks.

"Where's your swell daughters, eh?" chuckled these lat-
ter, poking the French Revolution in the ribs with an air of rail-
lery.



"THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY."

SUGGESTED BY A RASH CORRESPONDENT AS AN ALTERNATIVE
TO THE BOYCOTT.



WILSON'S INVESTIGATION
L IT STRIKE NEXT?
LOOSE IN THE REPUBLICAN CONSTELLATION.

PUCK



LOVE IS BLIND.

LADY MAUD.—Why, Launcelot, what are you doing? You've eaten half your shield!

SIR LAUNCELOT (*very much in love*).—Holy Grail! I thought it was the pie!

SHORT-STORY SHORT-CUTS.

(Suggestions to Lighten the Burden of the Magazine Editor and the Return Mail of the Struggling Author.)



ALL striving young authors who have not yet been able to purchase automobiles, yachts, and polo ponies with the fruits of their pen we offer these suggestions in writing the short story gathered from a careful and painstaking study of the magazines. Your lack of success has no doubt been due to the fact that you have not mastered the technique of the short story. A few minutes spent over these handy helps will save you countless hours and stamps, and will serve as a short-cut to the bliss of seeing your name on magazine covers.

THE SOCIETY STORY.

Has a wide market. Can be written by anyone with a little perseverance. Scenes laid in New York and Newport most popular. State in careful figures exactly what the young man and the young woman are worth. Be exact. After saying that he is worth \$2,500,000; merely call him the young millionaire. Have the girl tall and lithe and the young man square-shouldered with a swinging gait. Try to get the word automobile in the first paragraph. Later refer to it as "the machine." Mention the Riviera and Cherbourg at least once each. Call the valet "his man." Have him take a tub. Be sure to mention the Aubusson carpet, the ormolu clock, *pince-nez*, the Romney portrait, and *porte-cochere*. All these little things lend color, and show that the author is thoroughly familiar with his background.

THE LOVE STORY.

Very popular. Lends itself readily to illustration and dialogue. Especially valuable when getting space rates. Open with three paragraphs of conversation. This shows sprightliness. Follow with two paragraphs of description of the heroine. Then three paragraphs of rapid-fire conversation, in which she worsts him. Bring in one solid paragraph of nature description. Now a misunderstanding comes between them. They part. As they turn away from each other she looks longingly back at him, and once starts to cry out to him, but checks herself. He does not see or hear. Follow with one paragraph of philosophy. Then take up the girl and analyze her state of mind. Put in three or four lines of aphorisms about love. Now let something happen in which he saves her life. Try to get a unique situation, such as his rescuing her from drowning. As she is restored she slowly opens her eyes while he bends over her, the love-light filling her eyes and his heart pounding madly.

A little study of these popular present-day models will save you many wearisome hours digging through the old masters to perfect yourself in the art of writing the short story.

Homer Croy.

THE LOSING GAME.

"I LOST two thousand dollars last night," observed the noted explorer-lecturer who charged fifty cents a word for his oratory.

"How was that — poker?" inquired the man who did n't care much for lectures anyway.

"No. Talked in my sleep," replied the lecturer, wiping away a tear.



GOING SOME.

INEBRIATED ONE.—Shay, mishter, did you shee me beat out that friend of mine?

STRANGER.—I saw you running down the street, but I did n't observe any competitor.

INEBRIATED ONE.—You did n't? Why, I went by that lamp-post back there's if it was standing still!

MODESTY.

MACK.—Don't you wish you were a millionaire?

GRUFFE.—No; but when I die I'd like to leave enough for my heirs to fight over.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

UNCLE EZRA.—Time was when a farmer had everything he needed right on his own farm.

UNCLE EBEN.—Right ye are, Ezra! But of late years, there ain't a month passes but my wife's got to go to the store after something she can't make herself.

OUT OF STYLE.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Why should the people be vain?

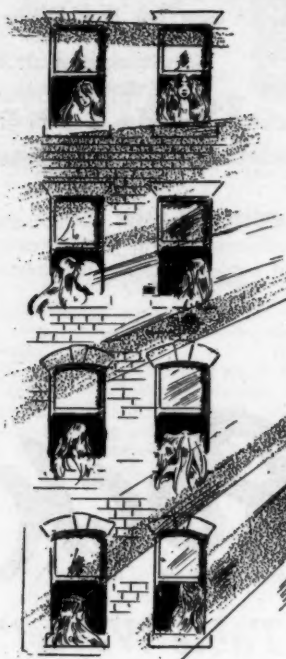
A photograph taken three short years ago Gives even its sitter a pain.



WON'T BE NECESSARY.

IT'S LUCKY THE SHIRTWAIST MAKERS' STRIKE IS OVER, OTHERWISE AT ALL THE SUMMER HOTELS—

Infallible



SOME precise folk to the calendar cling,
Thinking it proves the arrival of
Spring;
We're not prepared winter garments to
spare
Till the whole neighborhood washes its
hair.

Fair locks and dark, in each frame or
enclosure
Boasting a fragment of sunny exposure;
Billowy masses, a wad of wet string,—
'T is by these tokens we welcome the
Spring!

Emice Ward.



THE LADDER OF SUCCESS.

THIS phrase has always had a figurative meaning. But, conceived in a concrete form, every one who has attempted to climb it will aver that it is made much after the manner detailed below:

The first six or seven rungs are made of a highly-polished wood, and are copiously smeared with slippery elm, bears' grease, and olive oil, so as to make the grip as precarious as possible. The next five or six rungs are fashioned out of glistening steel, offering a gripping surface as inviting as a piston-rod, and these rungs are coated with lubricating oil, heightened with shirred ice.

Eight or ten rungs following are of elephants' tusks, smeared with dancing-floor wax, and supplemented with a device that causes the rungs to revolve rapidly the moment the hands grasp them. The motion of this device is manifold. It shifts from rotary movement to a pinwheel effect, and then to nondescript revolutions that baffle all mechanical laws to define. The top rung is made of soft wood, of great porosity and prehensile possibilities. It is covered with resin, molasses, and glue.

From which it will be seen that the top of the ladder is the rung of least resistance.



THE COST OF LIVING.

HE KNEW THE BREED.

A COLLEGE student gazed in astonishment while his room-mate filled out a letter of expenses to his father.

"Great Cæsar, man!" he ejaculated as his companion added his signature with a mighty flourish of his pen, "are you going to tax your dad at that rate?"

"Certainly," was the grim reply. "I've placed the estimate of my expenses at four times the real amount in order to get what I need after the cut-down. My father's the town assessor, you know."

CERTIFIED.

MOTHER.—All I hope is, John, that you have engaged yourself to a young lady of refinement.

SON.—She's that all right. Why, mother, she can drive a seventy-horse-power car!

ALMOST.

FOREIGNER.—But is the English language capable of expressing anything?

NATIVE.—Certainly. Look at the names on our Pullman cars!

The less a man knows about a subject the more angry he gets if you question his position toward it.

For Centuries

Known as Chartreuse

Liqueur Pères Chartreux



—GREEN AND YELLOW—
THE GRAND FINALE TO THE WORLD'S BEST DINNERS

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Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

Loads Off the Mind.

NUMEROUS CORRESPONDENTS FEEL BETTER.

"AH" AND "I" AND OTHER THINGS.

To the Editor of PUCK:

The Negro says "Ai," not "Ah," and "I's," not "I." In "Ai" the sound is "Ha," and in "I's" the sound is "ice." In languages we must study sounds. The Negro leaves out the R in farm and door, as "fawm" and "doah." This is what I heard when I was South: "Yes, sah. I's shuah to meet yo'uns at foah 'clock at the fawm."

Now, just a word on woman suffrage, as your reader wants to know. Women's rights will triumph, for their aim is pure; pure because they try to make this world better; better by voting right; voting right, by putting into office men and women who will rule this glorious Government for the good of humanity. Thoughtless men have sold their votes for a glass of beer, and should not mindful women who take care of the home and the little ones have something to say? Yea, just so! March on, make a new creation of love, peace, and rules of right.

Lima, O.

C. F.

DOWN IN GAWGIA.

To the Editor of PUCK:

With regard to the expression "Ah," the Negro up North may say "Ah," but down in north "Gawjah" the Niggers and the Coons say "I'se." I have lived here all my life so far, and I think that I know something about it. Trusting that this matter is now settled for ever and a day, I am,

Yours very truly,

Carnesville, Ga. GODLAND C. HAYES.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS?

To the Editor of PUCK:

It seems to me that when the Negro says "I" he says it good and plain. It's all Tommy Rot about him saying "Ah." All that I have ever heard say "I" quite DISTINCTLY. It is true I have not been 'Way Down South in Dixie, but there are a great number of Negroes in Kansas, and they most certainly say "I." Maybe the Southern Negroes do say "Ah" for "I" in the South, but they most certainly do not in Kansas.

Fort Scott, Kan.

F. S. KANSAS.

A CARTOON IDEA FROM A MAN WITH AN IDEA.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Cartoon, if you think it wise to do so: Rome burning and Nero fiddling; alongside it the hopes of reformers in America burning to ashes and Taft smiling still, though his promises are unfulfilled and illusive.

Gods! How I would like to burn such a scene into the brains of Americans! How I would like to make them see things as they are! Here is Congress, the Department of Agriculture, State authorities, and the whole ruck of trust-owned public (?) officials striving with might and main to avoid finding the efficient cause (tariff-created, railway-created monopolies) of high or robber prices. Such is their estimate of the intelligence (?) of the American partisan. Yours for Free Trade and Human Rights,

New York.

R. W. B.



AT THE ANIMAL-KINGDOM BALL.

CHORUS OF WALL-FLOWERS.—Girls, here comes the lieutenant!

—Fliegende Blätter.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

WHY HIS MOTHER MOURNED.

A good old Irish woman had a son who was about to start for a trip around the world.

She had watched him prosper with pride. To her he was a great man. In her fond vision she could see all sorts of terrible things coming to him, but she held her peace until he had started for the journey. Then she began to cry. A neighbor tried to console her, but to no avail.

"I'm afraid he has n't the money to get back," said the mother weeping. "He's got the money to go 'round the world all right, but how will he ever get back?"—*Indianapolis Star.*

THE family festivals of one nation need explaining to the citizens of another. So it was at a recent golden wedding announced to be celebrated in an English country house where there was a French guest. The thing is not unknown in France, but it is there called a jubilee. He asked, therefore, what the golden wedding might mean.

"It means," said an English friend, not without emotion, "that these two people have lived together, in happiness and affection, for fifty long years."

"Ah yes," cried the alien, "I understand perfectly; and now they are to be married, eh?"—*Argonaut.*

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

THE PAYNE-ALDRICH TARIFF BILL.

To the Editor of PUCK:

I consider "The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill" the worst imposition forced on the American people in a generation, as it doesn't suit any one save the Trusts and the very rich. The will of the majority was thwarted. I am a Republican, but I don't like this bill. The people did n't get what they looked for and expected.

"The tariff is the mother of the Trusts," and the Trusts are the robbers of the people by setting the prices as they choose, the altitude being as high as the people can reach, robbing the poor of necessities to fill their own pockets.

The people have been fooled enough. They are tired of a high tariff which, as one wise statesman said, "does n't help those who need help." The higher the tariff, higher the prices. They will retaliate.

Very respectfully, I. D. T.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

GAYNOR AS A PHYSICIAN.

In the Mayor's early days on the bench, a prisoner's counsel said, in the course of his speech:

"Medical witnesses will testify that my unfortunate client is suffering from kleptomania, and, your Honor, you know what that is?"

"Yes," said Judge Gaynor, "I do. It is a disease the people pay me to cure."—*The Sun.*

GETTING BACK.

"That comic opera of yours gave me a pain," said the critic.

"Well," replied the author of the opera, "you should n't have laughed so much!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

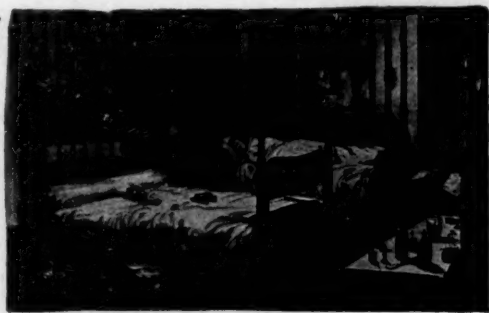
"My brother, my poor brother!" she moaned, as a half-back was carried unconscious from the field.

"Ah, but how thankful we should be," her escort, an old player, cried gayly. "Thankful! Thankful for what?"

exclaimed the girl.

"Thankful that it was n't the full-back," said he. "We have n't a decent full-back sub., you know."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

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THE CHEERY CONTRIB.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Herewith I send you jokes, etc., at your usual rates.

In the "First Aid to Weak-Kneed Poets and Near Authors" I notice a warning about sending a cringing letter to editors. "Avoid any mention of the wolf at your door; the editor does not care whether you be cold or hungry, old or young, nor what your grandmother's back teeth are filled with." So runs the oracle.

Listen to the wintry winds whistling loud and rude,
Like the wild howls of ravening wolves, petitioning for food.

And speaking of food, might I confess that I, too, am hungry—for a box or two of Huyler's between meals, so to speak; also cold—oh, dreadfully cold. I fear that nothing but



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THE QUEEN OF THE DELICATESSEN.

—Le Rire.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

a see-skin waist (see-skin waists are cunningly built of holes with thread sewed about them) can ever take away that awful chill.

Hopefully yours,

ONLY SOME OF THEM.

To the Editor of PUCK:

I wonder if editors hate Spring "pomes"?

WHICH OF COURSE MAKES IT VERY FUNNY.

The contribution I am enclosing is founded on fact and it is given just exactly as it happened.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

THE INSTRUCTIVE JANITOR.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Being interested in what you have said about Negro dialect in your estimable publication, I have taken some pains to converse with a Negro janitor of an apartment building near where I live. He uses "I" as we pronounce it, and not the way dialect writers use it.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

INSURANCE.

A GEOMETER GRAVELED.

Euclid was boasting of his mathematical ability.

"My dear," ventured his wife, "if the high cost of living is caused by high wages, and wages must be increased on account of the high cost of living, how do you square the circle?"

With a wild cry he fled into the night.—*The Sun*.

A NEW USE FOR IT.

HENPECT.—Have you seen the Maxim Silencers they're putting on guns nowadays?


HENNESY.—Thot Oi have n't. Do they be of any use to humanity?

HENPECT.—Not yet they aren't. But they will be when they make 'em big enough to silence a woman.—*Columbia Jester*.

TALK.

BACON.—Did you talk your wife out of getting that new hat?

EGBERT.—No; she talked herself out of it. She talked so long about it that when she went to get it it was sold.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



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CONFIDENCE.

MR. GOLDING.—So you want to marry my daughter? Do you think that you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?

JACK WINSOME.—No, sir; but I can support her in a good deal better style than you lived in the first five years after you were married.—*Somerville Journal.*

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I.

His labor-saving device for keeping flies from the food—



II.

And for lifting the dish-cover when he's ready to eat.

—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*


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Any Agent or Broker Can Get You a
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STATEMENT JANUARY 10th, 1910

Capital,	\$ 2,000,000.00
Liabilities,	14,321,953.11
Assets,	23,035,700.61
Policy-holder's Surplus,	8,713,747.50




LANDLADY (to lodger).—Are you in the bath, sir?
VOICE (between the splashes).—Yes. What d' you want?
LANDLADY.—I forgot to tell you I had it fresh painted inside last night, sir, and it won't be dry for two or three days!—Punch.

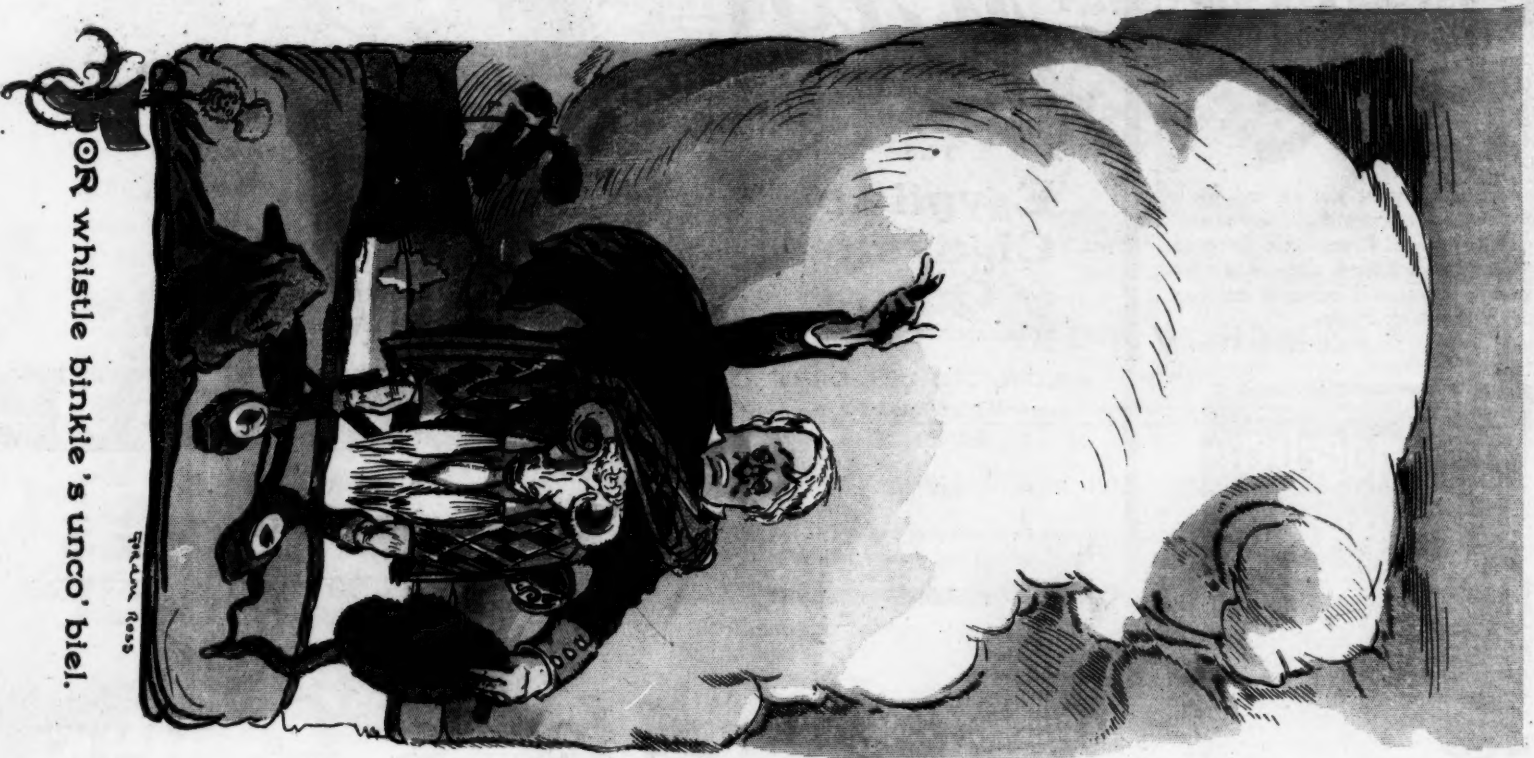
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For whistle binkie's unco' biel.

THE ENGLISH ISLE.

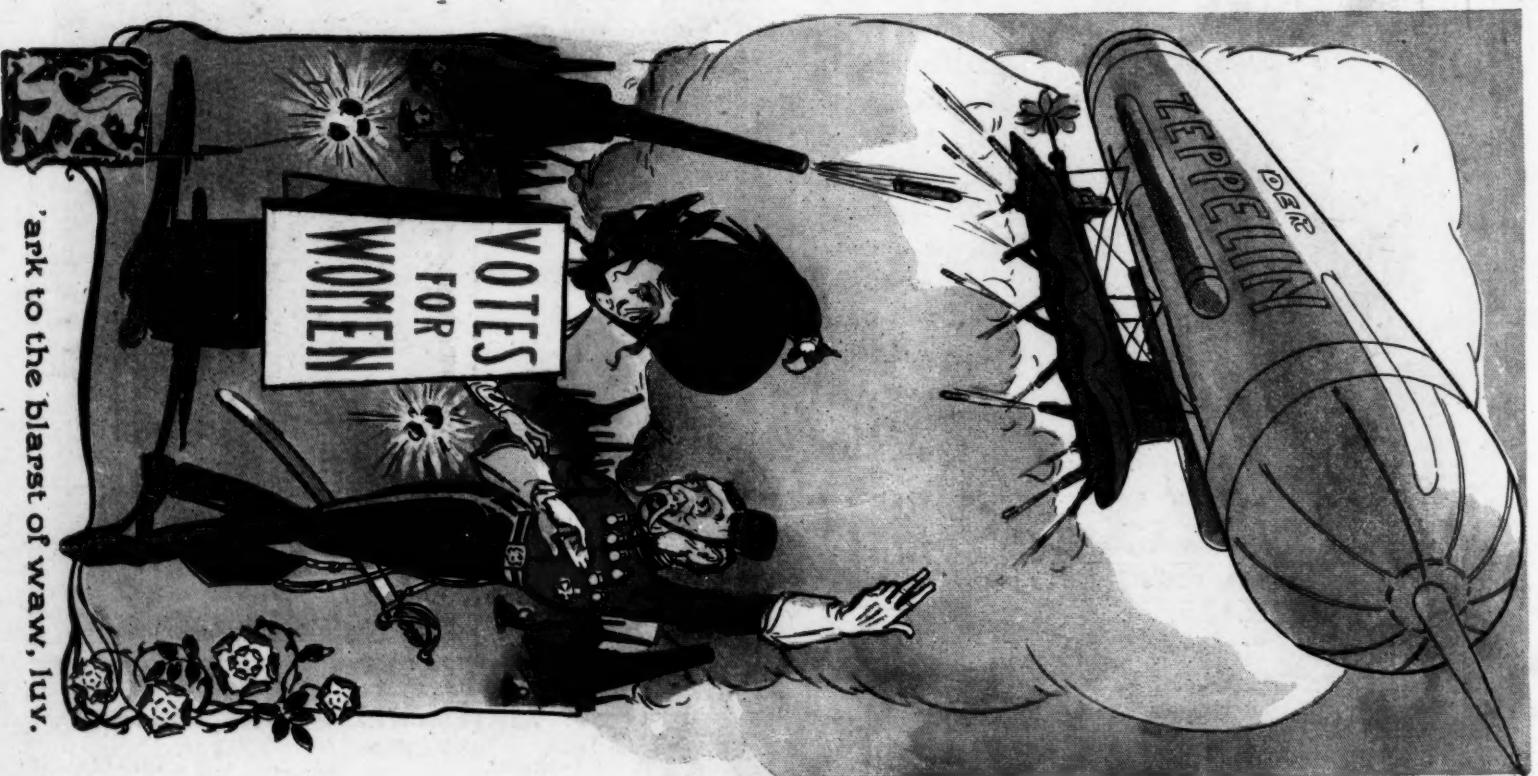
THE English Isle, the English Isle!
Where Joseph Miller lived and sung;
It still upholds the native style,
It still retains the native tongue.
It still maintains that Englishmen
Use language that is quite correct,
Precise, euphonious,—and then
Reproaches us our dialect.

For whistle binkie's unco' biel,
Wad baggie's mak of any chiel,
To jump in luggies like the deil,
Or loop or croonin';
You wadna croop to sic a wael,
But till your lochin'!

The English Isle, the English Isle!
It still insists that on our shore
We speak in wretched way—and while
We speak the worse, we talk the more.
We are provincial, rude, and slow;
We've lost the art of Lindley Murray—
Then England proves, by verse below,
She won't forget it in a hurry.

'ark! to the blast of waw, luv,
bit his the canning's 122, luv,
yes, yes, that marshall 'orn, luv,
purchases bi must be gorn, luv,
band brake that art of jounn, luv.

The English Isle, the English Isle!
Fen larks! Stow hooking it, I say!
You may uphold the native style,
It's not (praise be!) the only way!
Harold E. Porter.



'ark to the blast of waw, luv.